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# Odd Night. *1

(POV of Germany)

: Germany awakens from a dream. A dream that has been reoccurring for some time now. He tries to arise out of bed for a glass of water, but finds himself unable to leave. He looks down to find Russia soundly asleep with his face buried in Germany's neck. His breathing is heavy as if he is not able to get enough air. Germany gently rests his hand on Russia's shoulder and tries to softly shake him awake. Russia remains asleep; he hugs Germany around the waist while inching ever so closer to him.

: *Whispers* "Rus. Rus?"

: Germany speaks in a soft whisper, to not startle the slumbering beast.

: *Whispers* "Russia."

: He says slightly louder, still attempting to wake Russia up. His attempts do not seem to work as the cold bear is still endorsed in a deep slumber. Germany decides to give up and fully lay back down. He feels his body rising in temperature. A sweat starts to form above his brow, an odd occurrence since the Russian's internal temperature never rises above -25 degrees. His skin is abnormally cold, and may freeze whatever his uncovered hands or feet touch. Germany's skin conductivity rises even more as he starts to breathe more heavily. Russia kicks his feet once or twice then turns onto his other side, releasing the German from his frosty grasp. Germany immediately gets out of the bed and heads toward the kitchen. He stumbles his way down the stairs without the ability to see. He unknowingly forgot his glasses on the nightstand at his side of the bed. He struggles to get to the kitchen at a timely pace as he gropes the walls to try and find his way. Germany finally makes his way into the kitchen and arranges a glass of cool water for himself. He takes a sip then hears a familiar voice behind him.

: "Germany?"

: He turns around trying to make out who is there.

: "Poland? Is that you?"

: Germany squints his eyes attempting to find a memorable figure within the fuzzy blobs. A small, child-like hand takes hold of Germany's pajama shorts. The hand tugs on Germany's shorts to get his attention. Germany looks down to find a blurry white and red country staring up at him.

: "Poland? Why aren't you asleep? It's very much past your bed time."

: "I'm sorry.. I heard a sound."

: Poland states in a small, quiet voice.

: "Come on, I'll take you back to bed."

: Germany takes Poland by the hand and leads him to his bedroom. As they make their way down the hall, Germany collides with a doorframe. He yells in agony and covers his nasal bridge.

: "Are you okay!?"

: Poland cries in fear as if Germany had broken more than just a nose.

: "Yeah, I'm fine. I should've known I'd run into something eventually. I shouldn't have been walking that fast.."

: He says in a muffled voice, hands still covering his nose. He groans as more pain settles in.

: "Do you want me to get your glasses?"

: "Yes please, I need them."

: Poland hurries out of the hall and up the stairs to Russia's bedroom. He walks on his tiptoes, trying not to wake him. Poland

grabs Germany's glasses and quickly heads back down the stairs. Poland places Germany's glasses on his face, slightly crooked.

: "Here you go."

: Germany adjusts them straight and looks around to figure out his surroundings. He looks back down at Poland. The little country stares back up at him with a worried expression.

: "It's alright Poland. I'm okay, it was just a little mishap."

: He says, trying to reassure Poland. Poland looks down at the floor, then embraces Germany with a hug. Germany embraces Poland back while softly rubbing the back of his head. He lets go and grabs Poland's hand.

: "Come on, Poland. Let's get you to bed."

: Germany begins to lead Poland again, but Poland stops him.

: "Can I sleep in your bed?"

: He asks, wishing for a yes. Germany sighs then turns to speak to him.

: "No, Poland. We've talked about this. You have to sleep in your own bed like a big boy now."

: "But you sleep in Russia's bed."

: Germany pauses, obviously taken by surprise. He swallows before speaking.

: "That's... That's different.."

: "How?"

: Germany hesitates before proceeding. He often struggles to find the right words to answer Poland's questions.

: "We're not going to talk about it right now. You're going to bed."

: "But-"

: "Ah ah ah, No buts. It's bed time."

: Germany interjects. He swiftly takes Poland to his bedroom. Poland climbs into his bed, and Germany tucks him in. He gives Poland a kiss on the forehead.

: "Goodnight Poland."

: "Night night."

: Germany rubs a hand on Poland's forehead. He stands up to leave.

: "Sweet dreams."

: He states before leaving the room quietly and closing the door behind him. He makes his way back up the stairs. As he enters the bedroom he notices Russia sitting up in bed rubbing his eyes.

: "Hey Rus. I didn't expect you to be awake at this hour."

: He says as he sits back in bed, sliding underneath the covers. Russia blinks twice, then looks over at Germany.

: "I heard a thud. Did you run into something?"

: "Oh, uh, yeah. I bumped into a doorframe."

: Germany covers his nose and turns away. He tries to hide his embarrassment, though it never works.

: "Well are you hurt? Let me see."

: Russia grabs Germany's wrist and moves his hand away from his nose. A dark bruise has started to form on Germany's face.

: "Oh that looks like a bad bruise. How hard did you hit that thing?"

: Germany shrugs his shoulders, not wanting to answer the question. Russia gently caresses the bruise with his thumb. Germany winces at the slightest touch on his nose. Russia takes his hand away from his nose and sets it on the bed next to Germany's hand.

: "Would you like some ice, or-"

: Germany abruptly sets his face on Russia's collarbone. His cold skin already soothing the pain. Russia slowly rubs a hand up and down Germany's back. He begins to speak in a softer tone.

: "You need to start remembering your glasses when you get up in the middle of the night. It's dark and you could hurt yourself much worse than tonight."

: "I know, I'm sorry."

: "It's okay. I just want you to be more careful. Let's go back to sleep."

: Russia lets out a yawn. The both of them lay back down in bed. Russia Pulls up the covers and quickly drifts off to sleep. Germany lays awake for a while. He sits there thinking about the best way to answer Poland's question. He tries to forget about it and soon finds himself asleep once again in Russia's arms.

**(1132 words, not including these ones. Throughout me writing** this, I kept accidentally switching my keyboards from English US to Russian Standard and it was driving me crazy.)

# Daily Routine. *2

: Germany awakens to an unexplained wet feeling on his left arm. He blinks slowly, confused, then looks down at his arm.

: "Ah! Rus! You're drooling!!"

: He yells in disgust. Germany tries his best to shove Russia away from his arm. He manages to remove his arm out from under Russia's mouth. An uneasy feeling in Germany's stomach appears as he looks at his arm which is covered in a thick saliva. He races out of bed to the master bathroom. Germany turns on the warm water sink and rinses his arm.

: *'Why do you have to dream about food?'*

: Germany thinks to himself as he dries his washed arm with a worn towel. He walks back into the bedroom and puts on his glasses. Surprisingly, he managed to not run into anything in his usual trepidation. Germany makes his way down the stairs and into the kitchen. Poland is sitting at the island waiting for morning sustenance. Germany walks over to him and greets Poland with a friendly smile.

: "Good morning sunshine. How did you sleep?"

: Poland sits there for a little bit, not saying a word. Germany gives a confused expression. As he gathers his words, Poland speaks in a low volume.

: "You never answered my question."

: Germany stares back at Poland, perplexed. He remembers little to nothing of the night before. Poland states again, this time in a more audible tone.

: "You never answered my question of why you're allowed to sleep in bed with Russia and I aren't."

: Poland crosses his arms in anger as he awaits Germany's response. Germany pushes his glasses higher onto his face before replying.

: "I told you, Poland. It's different. I'm an adult."

: "Oh, but I'm supposed to be a big boy, and sleep on my own while you sleep with Russia in his bed every night!"

: Poland snaps, he rarely does unless he is adamantly upset about something. Germany is taken a back at Poland's sudden frustration.

: "Poland, I don't understand why you are so angry. I don't sleep in Russia's bed every night."

: "YES YOU DO!"

: Poland yells greatly. Germany starts to become frustrated with Poland and tells him off.

: "Poland, this behavior will not be tolerated."

: "So?"

: Poland faces the other direction. Germany sits as he balls his fist on the counter.

: "Poland, your behavior is unacceptable. I don't know where you picked up this attitude but it better stop."

: "Make me."

: Poland mutters. Germany snaps, slams his fist on the counter, and yells at Poland.

: "That is enough! Your-"

: "Woah, hey, what's all the yelling about?"

: Russia interjects as he walks into the kitchen. Germany states in a strained tone, trying to regain his composure.

: "Poland.. has been having an attitude and arguing with me."

: Russia turns to Poland. He crosses his arms and gives Poland a stern near death-like look.

: "You've been arguing."

: Poland slouches in his seat. A wave of guilt washes over him as he tries to find his words. The only thing he can say is a very quiet apology.

: *Whispers* "S-sorry.."

: "Sorry? Uh huh, no more television for a month."

: "What!? No!"

: Poland yells and throws his arms out. Russia keeps his arms crossed while also keeping his glare fixed on Poland.

: "You're not going to make me change my mind."

: "No! Please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!!"

: Poland cries out, trying to change his decision.

: "I'm not the one you should be apologizing to."

: Poland turns to Germany and begs for his forgiveness. He starts to cry while pleading with him.

: "Germany please! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

: Germany refrains from sympathizing with Poland. He knows it's for his own good to not be rewarded directly after a wrongdoing. Poland wails and covers his eyes with his hands.

: "Poland, there is no need to cry. Our decision is set. No television for a month."

: Poland stares at the floor. Tears fall down his cheeks. Russia uncrosses his arms.

: "I think it's best if you go to your room to calm down, and think about your actions."

: "..Yes sir."

: Poland stands from his chair and makes his way to his bedroom. Russia lets out a deep sigh. He leans on the countertop, contemplating the last few minutes. Germany holds his arms in his hands and looks up at Russia.

: "Thank you.."

: "You don't have to thank me. He doesn't need to act that way, especially at such a young age."

: Germany takes a soft grasp of Russia's arm. He is quite muscular, he has always been even since they were little.

: "I think he is being bullied at school."

: Germany states. His voice, broken from sudden emotions of the thought. Russia flexes his arm, trying to get Germany to tighten his grip.

: "Why do you say that?"

: "He says there's a boy at school who tells him hateful things."

: Russia thinks of the situation for a moment. Germany squeezes his arm tighter then caresses his bicep.

: "I'll have a talk with him later today. For now, we'll just let him think."

: Germany lets out a quiet laugh. He hugs Russia's arm as he smiles up at him.

: "Flex more for me. I love these muscles of yours."

: He tells him seductively. Russia looks at Germany and smiles. He places Germany's hands on his chest.

: "My pleasure."

: Russia grabs Germany by the face, about to pull him in for a kiss.

The doorbell rings and the two stop in their tracts. Russia lets go of Germany to answer the doorbell. Russia opens the door to Italy standing there. She smiles and greets Russia with glee.

: "Good morning, Rus."

: "Good morning, Italy."

: They share a kiss before walking indoors to the kitchen.

: "Oh, Italy. I didn't know you were coming over so early. I wouldn't have been so under dressed."

: He crosses his arms, covering his chest. He is embarrassed to be standing there in only his undergarments.

: "Oh no, it's fine. I don't mind. I should have notified you of when I would show up."

: She apologizes, knowing it is nearly entirely her fault. Italy knows Germany is quite the shy individual. Russia sets a hand on Germany's shoulder.

: "Why don't you go put some pajamas on?"

: Germany leaves the kitchen without saying anything. As soon as he's up the stairs Russia glares at Italy.

: "What did you do that for!?"

: "I didn't do anything!"

: The two sit and stare at each other for a moment.

: "Don't accuse me."

: "Сука."

: Italy gasps and slaps Russia. They get into a cat fight. Clawing each other's faces and pulling hair. Poland runs out of his room, forcing himself in between them to stop the fight.

: "Stop! Stop fighting! Stop fighting!"

: The two stop for a moment and look at Poland. Russia gives Poland a slight push.

: "Poland, return to your room. This is between adults."

: Poland obeys him and slowly walks back to his room. Germany steps back into the kitchen. He pushes his glasses high up on his face. Russia and Italy stand up straight, trying not to allude to them fighting.

: "So, Italy, do you have what we need?"

: "Yes, I brought all of my dad's papers."

: She reaches into her shirt and pulls out multiple papers. She tosses them carelessly onto the counter. Germany steps closer to the counter, he squints trying to read the handwriting. He pushes his glasses up higher onto his face again. Germany winces at the pressure on his bruise. He takes his glasses quickly off of his face and throws them onto the counter. Russia turns to Germany, concerned about how sensitive the injury on his face is.

: "Are you alright? Let me see."

: Russia takes Germany's hand away from his face. The lesion has gotten darker in the span of a few hours.

: "Oh, your poor little face."

: Germany's face becomes hot with embarrassment. He shuts his eyes tight as Russia holds his snowy, cold palm gently against Germany's bruise. Germany becomes less tense as Russia's cool touch soothes his contusion. Germany inhales deeply before speaking.

: "Italy? Could we maybe complete this later? I'd rather not do it right now."

: Italy gathers her papers quickly. She puts them back into her shirt.

: "That's okay, we can complete it whenever you want."

: She and Russia share a second kiss before she walks out of the house. Russia removes his hand from Germany's face. Germany takes a tight hold of Russia's shirt. He sits and waits for something, though not fully knowing what. He expected some bad news. He never received any answer back.

: **(1425 words, not including these ones. I hope you enjoyed my writing.)**

# Character Information.

[image] [image] [image] [image]

**This is not part of the story. I just wanted to give you an insight on my characters.**

Name: Germany
Age: Around 17 to 18 years old
Gender: Male
Height: Approximately 4'11"

Name: Poland
Age: Around 5 to 6 years old
Gender: Male
Height: Approximately 4'0"

Name: Russia
Age: About 19 years old
Gender: Male
Height: Approximately 6'11"

Name: Italy
Age: About 18 years old
Gender: Female
Height: Approximately 6'5"
*Note- Italy's hair is actually brown, though I had no brown writing utensils.*

Sorry if the coloring is a tiny bit scratchy. I used pens for all of these.

# Mid Morning. *3

: "Is something wrong?"

: Russia asks in a soft almost whisper like tone. Germany looks up at him, confused.

: "W-what?"

: "You spaced out for a second."

: "Oh.."

: Germany lets go of Russia's shirt and takes a step back. He studies his surroundings as if he had never seen them before.

: "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?"

: Russia asks; he normally eats breakfast with his siblings. It was odd for him to ask another about food. Germany stands there contemplating his answer. Russia runs his fingers through Germany's hair while he waits for a response.

: "I guess, I don't want to make you cook for me."

"No, it's fine. I cook breakfast every morning anyway. Let's get you something to eat so you have energy at work."

: Russia begins to assemble dishes and utensils for their meal. He looks over his shoulder from the plate cabinet at Germany.

: "Would you mind telling Poland to come to the kitchen? He likes to set up the table."

: Germany abides by Russia's command and enters Poland's room. Poland is sitting at his desk, writing papers of some sort. He walks over to him slowly. Germany observes Poland as he flips through the large book he is reading from.

: "What are you working on, Poland?"

: "I'm finishing homework."

: Poland does not go to public school. He is homeschooled. Germany and Russia decided to homeschool him because of how far Russia's home is from the nearest Elementary. Germany thought for the longest time on the decision. He didn't want Poland to be un-schooled. He ultimately decided for Poland to live predominantly at Russia's domicile. It would be too hard of a task for him to get Poland to school on time at his home. Though Germany went to public school when he was a child, Russia did not. He was homeschooled in the same residence. He and his siblings have been living there for their entire lives.

: "What do you need?"

: Poland asks, resurrecting Germany from his thoughts. Germany rubs one of his eyes from staring into space.

: "Oh, um, Russia wanted you to help set up the table."

: "Okay."

: Poland gets up from his chair and walks out of the room. Germany follows behind him. They enter the kitchen. Russia is cooking their usual breakfast of eggs, bacon, and glasses of milk for a drink. Poland sets out the dishes and utensils at the dining table, making sure to keep everything an equal distance apart. Germany sits at the table. He rubs his arms, seemingly cold. Russia plates all of the dishes, then sits down himself. Poland sits next to both of them. Germany and Poland tuck into their meal. Germany looks over at Russia, He is not eating and his plate is empty.

: "Where's your food, Rus?"

: Russia hesitates answering Germany's question. He throws his long, white hair back over his shoulder.

: "Oh I uh.. I'm just not hungry this morning, I guess."

: Germany sits up in his chair, he gives a confused look. It is very

odd for Russia not to eat at all. He is usually very enthusiastic about meal time. Russia looks away from Germany and takes his elbows off of the table. Germany continues to eat, still concerned about Russia's sudden disinterest in sustenance. He finishes his plate and takes it to the sink. Germany set his plate into the sink. Poland runs after him and quickly sets his plate into the sink as well. Poland returns to his room to finish his studies. Germany takes a glance back at Russia who is still seated at the table. He has pushed his plate and fork farther away from him. He lays his head in his crossed arms onto the table. Germany makes his way back to the table. He stands next to Russia and takes a look at his face. He has a pained expression plastered over it. Germany places a hand on Russia's cheek, his skin, cold as ice.

: "Are you feeling alright?"

: Russia lets out a sharp breath.

: "Yeah, I'm fine.."

: Germany could tell he wasn't. The pain in his voice was a dead giveaway. Germany moves his hand up to Russia's forehead to feel for a temperature. It was difficult to tell if Russia had a fever because of his usual arctic nature. Germany feels different areas of Russia's forehead, but didn't recognize any febricity. Russia groans in pain and holds his left side.

: "Is it your wound?"

: Russia nods his head slightly. Germany grabs Russia's arm, trying to help him up.

: "Okay, let's get you to the couch. I don't want you to become unconscious."

: Russia nods his head again, unable to speak. The two make their way into the living room. Russia groans in pain again as he clutches the doorframe, trying to hold himself up.

: "It's okay, Rus. Let's sit on the couch."

: Germany leads Russia to the couch. He groans as he sits down.

Russia clutches is side harder and lets out a strained gasp. Germany rests his hands on Russia's shoulders, trying to hold him up.

: "It's okay, Rus. I know you're in pain. Let's calm down and sit back."

: Russia leans back and lets out another sharp breath. Germany sits next to him. He attempts to console Russia by grazing his hand over Russia's chest.

: "Your hands are warm."

: "Really? I think my hands are just warm because you're really cold."

: Russia closes his eyes without a response. Germany looks up at him.

: "Rus? Are you okay?"

: Germany shoves Russia, trying to wake him up. He remains in the same state. Germany lifts Russia's arm to find that it is limp. Germany immediately jumps off of the couch.

: "Rus! Russia!"

: He grabs Russia's shirt and tries to wake him up. Germany stops and stands back. He holds his arms in his hands and gets lost in his thoughts.

: *'What do I do? Do I just let him sit there?'*

: Germany relays different actions in his head.

: "Germany?"

: Germany jumps, frightened, he didn't notice Poland was standing next to him. Poland tugs at Germany's shorts.

: "What's wrong?"

: Poland asks inquisitively. Germany places his hand on Poland's

head, his hair, soft and white like Russia's.

: "Nothing's wrong, sweetheart."

: Germany states nervously. Poland observes Germany once more.

: "Are you sure? You look pale."

: Germany looks over at a mirror hung on the wall. His face is significantly lighter than normal. He stutters, not knowing what to say. Poland grabs Germany's sleeve.

: "Is it because of Russia?"

: Poland points to Russia, still sitting in the same position. Germany stands still, presumably thinking about the situation.

: "I... I don't know. I just.."

: Germany stops in the middle of his sentence, refusing to finish it. Poland embraces Germany with a hug. Germany waits a small moment before hugging him back.

: "You don't have to be scared. You said it was normal."

: Germany is suddenly dragged back into his thoughts. He remembers telling Poland that the situation was normal the first time he saw Russia unconscious. He feels guilty for telling him that only so he wouldn't cry.

: "Y-yeah, you're right. I just need to calm down."

: He laughs awkwardly. Poland pulls on Germany's arm, wanting him to follow. They make their way up the stairs and into Russia's bedroom. Poland lets go of Germany's arm and runs to a clothing trunk Germany had brought.

: "Can I choose your outfit for work?"

: Poland opens the trunk and starts to go through all of the clothing.

: "Sure, that's fine."

: Poland proceeds to pick out a white dress shirt, black dress pants, and a black tie. He sets the clothing on the bed. Germany walks over and picks up the outfit. He steps into the closet and after a little while he steps out fully dressed. Dressing up in nice attire calms Germany's nerves, knowing he looks presentable.

: "Will you wear this too?"

: Germany looks over at Poland who holds up a sleek, black vest. The vest belonged to Germany's father. Germany stares at the vest, forgetting that it was in the trunk in the first place.

: "I don't know, Poland. I don't usually wear that one."

: "Please!"

: Germany sighs and takes the vest out Poland's hands. He puts it on then looks at himself in the mirror. The vest fits Germany like a glove.

: "You look great!"

: "Thank you, Poland."

: Germany sits back down on the bed. He wonders if he should go to work today. Russia may need help tending to his wound. His thoughts debate.

**(1423 words not including these ones.)**

# Late Morning. *4

: Germany makes his way back down to the kitchen. Poland soon follows behind him. Germany checks the calendar that is hung on the fridge.

: "Oh scheiße! You're late for play group!"

: Poland quickly throws on his coat and the both of them head out of the door. They get into Germany's car and speed off.

: "I can't believe you're going to be late for play group. What is wrong with me!?"

: Poland sits there silently. Germany often outcries about himself. Poland never responds, it being too mature of a situation for him to comprehend.

: "I'm such a horrible person."

: Poland's eyes start to well up. Tears fall down his cheeks. He makes quiet squeaky sounds, trying to hold back his sobs. Germany looks over at Poland.

: "Poland, honey, why are you crying?"

: "I'm sorry.."

: Poland starts to cry. Germany rests a hand on Poland's cheek, attempting to wipe away his tears.

: "Don't cry, my little baby. It's okay, it's not your fault."

: "I'm sorry."

: "No sweetheart. You don't have to be sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't say these things around you."

: Poland sniffles and wipes his tears on his sleeves. Germany places

his hand back onto the steering wheel.

: "I'm sorry, Poland. I didn't mean to make you so upset."

: Poland nods his head. Germany starts to feel even more guilty.

: "I love you. You'll always be my little baby."

: Germany grazes Poland's forehead with his hand.

: "I love you too."

: Poland takes hold of Germany's arm and hugs it tightly. Germany takes another quick glance at Poland.

: "I'm sorry, Poland."

: "It's okay, I forgive you."

: They arrive at Poland's play group just in time. Germany steps out of the car and lets Poland out of the car.

: "Hello Poland. You're just in time."

: The play group teacher takes Poland's hand and semi leads him up the walkway. She lets him run the rest of the way up to the building. She pauses and walks back over to Germany before he takes off.

: "Hey there, can I talk to you before you leave?"

: "Huh? Oh, yeah, sure.."

: She leans in closer to him. She speaks in a low, sympathetic voice.

: "Is everything alright? You seem off-put."

: Germany sits there for a moment. He looks around his vehicle, then looks back at her.

: "Yeah, I'm fine. It's just been a rushed morning."

: "Oh, Okay. Have a nice day."

: "You too.."

: She walks away from the car, to the school building. Germany drives away, thinking about their interaction. He arrives at work and is greeted by Switzerland.

: "Good Morning, Germany."

: Switzerland is always ecstatic and bubbly no matter the situation. They shake hands and chat as they stroll down the hall together.

: "So, how has life been lately?"

: "Oh, uh.. It's been fine. The same as always."

: Germany never really talks about his life, work, home, or about himself at all. The smile on Switzerland's face fades as he glances at Germany.

: "I've been meaning to ask. How is Russia? He hasn't showed up for work lately, and I figured you'd know since you're the only one he really talks to."

: Germany takes a deep breath.

: "He.. He is fine. He just hasn't been able to make it to work."

: "Why is that?"

: Germany's vocal chords start to become swollen as he holds back tears. Thinking about his loved ones being troubled strikes uncontrollable feelings.

: "He just has some.. injuries. He's also been having breakdowns recently. He's just not well enough to work right now."

: "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. You don't have to be upset. He's going to get better."

: "How do you know that?"

: Switzerland takes hold of Germany's arm. He smiles at Germany

sweetly, trying to cheer him up.

: "I don't fully know, but everyone gets better eventually."

: "I guess you're right, Switz."

: "I know. I just don't want you to be sad."

: Switzerland gives Germany a tight hug. Germany hugs Switzerland back; the two sit for a small while. They eventually let go of each other and walk their opposite ways. Germany enters his office. He sees someone at his desk, looking through the drawers.

: "Hey! What are you doing!?"

: The individual stands up. It is America. He smiles and sets some papers on the desk.

: "Hey Ger. I didn't think you'd come to work today."

: "I am not Ger. My name is Germany. What are you doing in my office?"

: "I was looking for some papers you filed."

: He points to the papers on the desk. Germany walks closer to the desk to study the papers.

: "Those are not finished yet."

: Germany reaches out for the paper, but America snatches them away. Germany reaches up trying to take the papers out of America's hand.

: "Give those back, you swine!"

: "Make me."

: Germany gives America a square kick to the crotch. America lets out a loud groan as he falls to the floor, writhing in pain. Germany takes the papers and quickly looks through them. He opens a drawer and throws them into it.

: "Get off my floor."

: America gives no response. Germany picks up the phone and speed dials someone.

: "Hey, I've got a wanderer."

: He sets the phone down and looks back at America. China steps into the office. He walks over to the two and picks up America.

: "I'm sorry about America. He tends to have bad listening skills."

: "I do not!"

: America tells in a strained tone. China tosses America over his shoulder. He exits the room without looking back. Germany sits at his desk; he pulls out a blank document and starts to fill it out. Hours go by, Germany glances down at the paper to find it blank.

: "What? Where'd all my writing go?"

: He picks it up and holds it in front of his face, attempting to find where all of the letters had gone. He sets it back down and looks at the clock. The clock on the wall reads 1700.

: *'Oh, it's home time..'*

: Germany sneakily sets the blank paper into the desk drawer. He stands from his chair and leaves the room. When he reaches his car, he lets out a sharp breath he didn't realize he was holding. He steps into his car and starts his drive home. Germany starts to panic as he thinks about his work day.

: *'I can't believe I didn't do anything today. Am I going to get in trouble? I hope not. Oh God..'*

: Germany gets so lost in his thoughts, he doesn't realize he has already arrived home. He steps inside to find Russia washing dishes.

: "Hello, Rus. Are you feeling better?"

: Russia looks up, he smiles and dries his hands.

: "Yes, I feel fine at the moment. How are you?"

: Germany steps over to Russia. He lays his head on Russia's chest. Russia hugs Germany gently and lays a hand on the back of Germany's head.

: "I'm guessing you didn't have that good of a day."

: "Huh? Oh, yeah, I was just.. distracted for most of the day. Poland needs to be picked up from playgroup."

: "Okay, I was just about to finish washing the dishes and take the jet. Do you want to come with me?"

: Germany thinks for a moment. He is somewhat afraid of heights.

: "No thanks. I don't really like planes or Aviation."

: "Okay, that's fine. I'd like to see you in bed later."

: Russia alludes; He runs his fingers through Germany's hair before leaving the house. Germany takes another look in the mirror. His outfit is still pristine. He stares in anger and crosses his arms at his reflection. A familiar figure appears briefly behind him. Germany screams and falls backwards. Germany rips the vest off, accidentally breaking one of the buttons.

: "Shit."

: Germany grabs the loose button and stuffs it in his pocket. He takes the vest back upstairs to Russia's bedroom. He sets the vest into his clothing trunk. Germany climbs onto the bed and slowly drifts off to sleep.

***(POV Switch)***

: Russia arrives at the Playgroup building. Poland runs to him, through the crowd of other children waiting on their parents. Poland hugs Russia, smiling.

: "You brought the jet!"

: "I did bring the jet. Come on, Poland."

: Poland's teacher rushes up to Russia and grabs his arm, stopping him from leaving. She pants out of breath before handing Russia a paper.

: "Oh my goodness, I thought I wouldn't catch you. Here, this is Poland's behavior report."

: Russia takes the papers and reads over it. His expression turns to confusion. He looks down at Poland.

: "Poland, you've been hitting people?"

: "Yes, he has been having altercations with other children today."

: Russia gives Poland a stern look. Poland looks down at the ground.

: "He made me angry.."

: "Poland, you know very well you are not supposed to act out in anger. You need to apologize."

: Poland's teacher leads them to the other parent.

: "Say you're sorry."

: "I'm sorry."

: "There, now go wait in the jet."

: Poland lets go of Russia's hand and runs to the jet. Russia looks back up at the other child's father.

: "I truly apologize. He's been having an attitude since this morning."

: "Oh it's fine. Say, how did you get your kid to do that? It takes me forever to get Norway to do anything."

: "Dad!"

: "Quiet, go wait in the car."

: Norway slowly makes his way to the car.

: "Seriously, how?"

: "Oh, I don't know. He's at home most of the time. We homeschool him."

: "Oh, that's nice. Why do you homeschool?"

: "The elementary is too far away."

: "Hm, I understand. Maybe you could teach me how to parent sometime?"

: The two of them laugh. Norway's father writes down his phone number and tells Russia to call him. Russia makes his way back to the jet.

**(1630 words. Sorry for posting this so late. I have been busy with work recently, and haven't been able to write. I do hope you enjoy my writing. Have a wonderful day.)**

# Rant(Not part of story.)

I met this cute man on public transit the other day. He sat next to me and we had a small conversation about work and life. He smiled and gave me a gold pin metal. I traded him my old pendant from my childhood. We talked a little more, then eventually it was his stop. He smiled and gave my hand a squeeze before leaving and saying goodbye. I looked out of the window and he waved as the train left. I hope to see him again. I'll just have to board the same train forever.

# Evening. *5

: Russia and Poland arrive home. They walk inside, Poland rushes to the stairs and calls out for Germany.

: "Germany!"

: No one answers. Russia and Poland walk up the stairs to Russia's bedroom. The two find Germany soundly asleep on the bed with his work clothes on. Russia walks over to Germany and removes his shoes.

: "Why are you taking his shoes off?"

: "No one wants to sleep in shoes. He shouldn't have shoes on in the house anyway."

: Germany rustles in his sleep before turning over. He curls up and moves into fetal position. Russia pulls the covers up to Germany's shoulders.

: "We should leave him to sleep. Come along, Poland, it's time for your afternoon studies."

: The two leave the room and make their way to the living room. Poland brings out a notebook and textbook. He sets them onto the table. Russia sits down and flips through the pages. Poland sits next to him, anticipating what he is going to learn.

: "Did you complete your addition from yesterday?"

: "Yes."

: Poland hands Russia the open notebook full of math. Russia quickly glazes over it; He turns the page then sets it back in the table.

: "Oh, well, if you finished that then I don't think you have anything else to do for this week."

: Poland squeels in joy; He jumps up and takes his books to his bedroom. Ukraine walks into the living room, confused. He sits on the floor next to Russia.

: "What was that about?"

: "Poland's just happy he doesn't have to do any work."

: Ukraine pulls his knees up and lays his head in one hand. He looks back over at Russia.

: "How are you feeling?"

: "I feel fine, I guess."

: "Did you go to work today?"

: "No. Is that a bad thing?"

: Russia states in distress. Ukraine sets a hand on Russia's shoulder.

: "No, no, no. I was just wondering. Have.. you been having any thoughts?"

: "No.."

: Ukraine turns fully to look at Russia. He keeps his voice low, trying not to upset him.

: "Are you lying to me, Rus?"

: Russia averts his eyes to the floor. He turns away from Ukraine, avoiding the question.

: "You don't have to lie to me, Rus. It's alright, I understand. I'm just trying to help."

: "...I don't know.."

: Ukraine wraps his arms around Russia's neck, embracing him in a hug.

: "I'm sorry.."

: Ukraine apologizes wholeheartedly though he is not at fault. Russia turns and hugs Ukraine back. They let go of each other; The two sit and stare into space, trying to form a conversation.

: "How was school today?"

: "It was okay. I got a 100 on my essay."

: Ukraine says, slightly excited. He usually gets good grades though he always anticipates the way his older brother will react. They've been without their father for some time now. This had forced Russia to take his place until his siblings become adults. It has taken a heavy toll on Rus, since he was their father's only biological son. The other three sometimes catch him talking to paintings, pictures, and even mirrors. Their younger siblings, Kazakhstan, and Belarus never fully met their father. He died shortly after their adoption was processed. The four of them still reside in their father's home.

: "That's great. When did you get so smart?"

: "I get all my sense from you."

: "Do you know how Bel and Kazak are doing in school? They never show me their grades."

: Ukraine thinks for a moment about Russia's question. He always assumes his siblings are doing well in school.

: "I don't know. We can go ask them, I think they're in the backyard."

: The two of them stand up and make their way to the backyard. Belarus and Kazakhstan are playing in the dirt. The air is surprisingly warm considering the area is usually frigid and covered in a thick blanket of snow. Belarus glances up at them. She smiles and runs up to them. She hugs Russia as she smiles up at him.

: "You're awake. You slept for a long time."

: Russia hugs her back, confused about her statement. He looks at Ukraine who is happily looking back.

: "I was asleep?"

: Russia asks, he never falls asleep during the day.

: "Yeah, you took a nap for like.. maybe three hours. You were sleeping peacefully, then you started biting your wrists so I had to wake you up."

: Russia stands back up. He doesn't recall falling asleep or even laying down.

: "That's odd. I don't remember falling asleep."

: "Really? You told me not to bother you, and fell asleep on the couch."

: Russia sits there in bewilderment. He recalls absolutely nothing before picking Poland up from Playgroup.

: "You're starting to forget things again, aren't you?"

: Ukraine says, resurrecting Russia from his absent thoughts.

: "No.. I don't know."

: Ukraine sits there for a moment, staring at Russia. Russia looks away and crosses his arms. Ukraine lets out a sigh as he looks at Kazakhstan who hasn't seemed to notice the others standing by the door.

: "I'll talk to Germany. He's the one who handles your medication. We should go inside, it's getting close to dinner time."

: Ukraine and Belarus start to head into the house. Russia calls out to Kazakhstan.

: "Kazak!"

: Kazakhstan looks up to see Rus waving his hand for him to come indoors.

: "Coming!"

: Kazak yells as he gets up and runs to the door. Russia opens it for him; he walks in behind Kazak. Russia shuts and locks the backdoor. He stops Kazakhstan from going any further into the house.

: "You're not going anywhere with all that dirt on you. Shoes off and go get in the tub. You too Bel, go get in the tub."

: Kazakhstan takes his shoes off and runs up the stairs to his and Belarus' bathroom. Belarus rolls her eyes and slowly makes her way up stairs. She stops and turns to Russia.

: "Can I use your bathroom?"

: "Yeah sure. Just don't use my shampoo."

: She runs up the stairs after Kazakhstan. Russia turns to Ukraine, who is making a cup of tea.

: "You know they'll be in there for hours."

: He says, still looking at his tea. Russia looks up at him.

: "Hm? Oh, yeah, They always are."

: Germany enters the kitchen. He rubs his eyes then sets his glasses on his face and straightens them.

: "Did you sleep well?"

: "Yeah. Sorry, I didn't mean to have my shoes in your bed."

: Germany yawns and points to his feet. Ukraine hands Germany an extra cup of tea. Germany takes it and holds it close to his face. He breathes in the warm steam emitting from it, trying to reopen his airways.

: "Thank you."

: "You're welcome. Since when do you take naps?"

: Ukraine asks inquisitively. He is usually busy with homework and

never really notices Germany. Germany takes a sip from his cup.

: "Oh, I don't know, I was just tired I guess.."

: Germany attempts to explain himself. He opens his mouth to speak, but the phone interrupts him. Russia walks out of the room to answer it. Ukraine looks up at Germany.

: "Hey, um, I need to talk to you about Rus."

: "Oh, what's the matter?"

: Ukraine looks over at the doorway, then back at his tea.

: "I think he's starting to forget things again."

: "Oh no.. Is it often or?"

: "I mean, I wouldn't say often, but it's enough to notice. He can't remember when he wakes up, takes a nap, cooked dinner. He even forgot Kazakhstan and Belarus just last week."

: "Really? It's that bad."

: "Yeah, we were sitting in the kitchen one morning, Russia walks in and says 'Who are they?'. I mean, those are your siblings. You may not have lived with us your whole life, but to forget your own brother and sister? It just doesn't make sense."

: Germany takes a long sip of his tea. He sets the cup down on the counter.

: "I understand if it doesn't fully make sense. Russia has been through numerous amounts of trauma, his brain doesn't know how to function properly sometimes."

: Russia walks back into the kitchen. He leans on the counter and lets out a sigh. Ukraine sets down his cup and looks over at Russia.

: "Who was on the phone?"

: "America."

: The three look at each other for a moment. After some awkward silence, Germany speaks.

: "What did he want?"

: "Not much really. He was rambling about random things. I forgot he even had the house number."

: Russia taps his fingers on the counter. He looks out of the window. It has started to snow very lightly. Ukraine looks out of the window as well.

: "Hm. That's odd. It shouldn't be snowing from how warm it is outside."

: "It shouldn't be this warm from how much it snows."

: The three laugh; Russia looks at the doorway across from him.

: "I should go check on those two. Kazak might need help with washing his wings."

: Russia leaves the kitchen once more. Ukraine and Germany look at each other.

: "So, has Rus been biting his wrists?"

: "...Yes, yes he has."

: "Oh no.."

: Ukraine looks at the floor, then back at Germany.

: "Why.. Why does he do that?"

: "What do you mean?"

: "Why does he tear up his wrists?"

: "Oh, I don't really know."

: "Are you sure?"

: Ukraine looks at Germany in distress. Germany sets a hand on Ukraine's arm.

: "I know you're still a little spooked, but it's okay."

: "I guess you're right."

: Ukraine looks over at the clock on the wall. It reads 2345.

: "Wow, time flies by so fast. I think I'm going to get to bed."

: Ukraine sets his empty glass into the sink. He tells Germany goodnight and walks up the stairs to his room. Germany downs the rest of his tea and sets it into the sink. He takes one last look in the mirror. He straightens his hair and makes his way up the stairs to Russia's bedroom Germany enters the room to find Russia laying on the bed, without clothes on, reading a book.

: *Gasps* "Russia! Where are your clothes!?"

: Germany puts a hand over his face and turns away. Russia looks up from his book. He gives Germany a confused look.

: "What's the matter? I walk around nude all of the time. My siblings do as well."

: Germany's face starts to turn red with blush. He stands there as Russia continues to read his book.

: "Do you mind putting some clothes on?"

: "No thank you."

: "Maybe just some underwear?"

: "Nope."

: "Ugh, you're so stubborn."

: Germany turns around; he walks over to the bed and sits next to Rus. Russia puts an arm around Germany's waist, pulling him closer to him.

: "What are you reading?"

: "One of my father's journals.

: Germany takes a glance at the book, trying not to stare at Russia. The book is written in a different language with perfect cursive handwriting. Germany moves his eyes downward from the book. He studies Russia's body for a short while.

: "Do you need something?"

: "W-what?"

: Germany looks up at Russia who stares blankly back down at him.

: "You're being quite observant."

: "Oh! I uhh, I don't, I didn't mean to. I'm sorry."

: Germany stumbles over his words, embarrassed to be caught looking. Russia looks back at his book. Germany stares in space. Germany starts to remove his shirt. Rus glances over at Germany.

: "What are you doing?"

: "Oh, I, um.. I just thought I might join you, I guess."

: "Oh, alright then."

: Germany smiles slightly and continues to remove his clothing. Now fully naked, Germany sits with his knees to his chest. Russia closes his book and sets it on the nightstand. He grabs Germany's arms and pulls him closer. Germany lets out a quiet giggle.

: "Rus, come on, it's late."

: Russia takes Germany by the face and pulls him in for a kiss. Germany goes in with the kiss, pulling Russia's hair. Rus grabs Germany by the waist. He moves down to Germany's neck. He kisses the length of it before moving to Germany's shoulder. Russia bites down hard, his lateral incisors sinking deep into it. Germany yelps at the pain and pushes Russia's face away.

: "Ow! Russia! Don't bite me that hard!"

: "Sorry."

: "It's fine."

: Germany kisses Russia; glazing his hands over Russia's chest. Rus forces Germany onto his back. After another kiss, Russia begins to thrust into Germany. Germany moans loudly in Rhythm with Rus. He grips the sheets, attempting to stabilize himself. As they continue, the two hear a familiar voice next to them.

: "What are you doing?"

: The both of them scream and stop in their tracts. They look over to where the voice resides.

: "Poland!?"

: Russia yells, getting off of Germany. Germany pulls the covers onto himself.

: "Poland! What are you doing here!?"

: "I don't know."

: Germany sighs; he looks over to Russia, then back at Poland.

: "I'll tuck you in, in a moment. Go wait outside please."

: "Okay."

: Poland happily strolls out of the room. Germany puts his head in his hands.

: "Oh God, why did he have to come in here.."

: "Mm, maybe we should have locked to the door."

: *Sighs* "I'll put my robe on and put Poland to bed."

: Germany stands to search for his robe. He walks into the bathroom and closes the door. Russia gets up and puts his book back into his

closet. Germany walks back out of the bathroom wearing a long black robe that has red embellishments in various places. He steps out of the room. Poland is leaning on the wall next to the door, humming some sort of nursery rhyme.

: "Come on, Poland. I'll take you to bed."

: Poland takes Germany's hand and they walk down the stairs. They sit in silence as they make their way to Poland's bedroom.

: "What were you doing?"

: Germany inhales sharply. He stumbles over his words, trying to explain himself in the best way possible. He finally settles his thoughts and lets out a sigh before turning to speak to Poland.

: "You don't need to know right now."

: "Why?"

"Because I said so."

: They enter Poland's bedroom. Poland immediately jumps into bed. Germany tucks Poland in and lays a gentle kiss on his forehead. Poland smiles widely. Germany stares back in confusion.

: "Are you and Russia going to get married?"

: "Oh, uhh, no. I mean, I don't know.. You shouldn't be asking questions like that anyway. *Awkward Laugh* Goodnight, Poland."

: Germany quickly leaves the room. He shuts the door loudly and leans against the wall. He conspires in his thoughts.

: *'Me and Rus, married? I couldn't do that. I mean, it does sound quite nice. What about Italy? She would hate me, or at least I think she would. Does Rus even want to get married, let alone be married at all? I should just go to bed.'*

: Germany slowly makes his way through the house and back up to Russia's bedroom. He walks in and finds Russia soundly asleep.

: *'Gosh he falls asleep fast. I was downstairs for two minutes.'*

: Germany takes off his robe and throws it over the frame of the foot of the bed. He slides into bed, under the covers. He tosses and turns, not able to fall asleep. Eventually he stops, his failed attempts not putting him any closer to slumber. He sits still in bed. He listens to Russia's sporadic breathing. His breathing quickly turns into strained wheezing. Germany puts his hand under Russia's chin and raises it. Russia's breathing quiets as his airways open. Germany keeps Russia's head back, after a while his hand starts to get tired. Germany replaces his hand with his head. He lies on Russia's chest, his head below his chin. He slowly drifts off to sleep.

**(2624 words. Sorry for it being late. My life has been quite a mess lately. I hope you have a lovely day)(Also, sorry if it is long. I got a little sidetracked.)**

# Saturday.*6

: Germany awakens; he looks down to find blankets and sheets instead of the cold, red skin he had fallen asleep on. He searches for his glasses, then sits on the floor to pick out an outfit. Germany eventually settles on some dark colored pajamas. He quickly throws them on and heads downstairs. As Germany enters the kitchen, a frigid breeze surrounds him. Behind the counter lies a sleeping Russia. An empty, tipped over bottle of vodka lies next to him.

: *'Oh Rus.. you've been night drinking again?'*

Germany takes the empty bottle away. He attempts to wake Russia up by pushing him, but it is no use. Germany starts to make quiet, cat-like sounds. Russia wakes up almost immediately, turning to reach for the window.

: "Don't worry Binki, I'll let you inside."

: Russia stops in his tracks as he realizes he is not in his bedroom. He looks around, confused.

: "Ahm? How did I get in the kitchen?"

: "I don't know, Rus. How DID you get in the kitchen?"

: Germany says in an angered tone. Russia lets out an awkward Laugh before turning to face Germany.

: "Oh! Germany. I didn't realize you were awake."

: "You've started drinking again?"

: Russia stutters, not wanting to admit his faults. He adverts his gaze to the floor.

: "No..."

: Germany sets a hand on Russia's shoulder. Russia looks back up at

Germany.

: "Rus, you don't have to lie to me."

: "..Sorry..."

: "It's okay."

: Germany gives Rus a gentle kiss on the cheek. He pulls Russia's hair behind his *ear*.

: *Gasps* "Rus! Your eye!"

: "What's wrong?"

: "What do you mean 'What's wrong'!? You're hurt!"

: Germany grazes his hand next to Russia's eye. It's bloodied and has no iris or pupil. The skin pattern around it doesn't match his or his father's. Russia puts his hand on Germany's wrist.

: "I don't know what you're so upset about. My eye has been like this for years. Watch this."

: Russia digs his fingers into his eye socket and pulls out his eyeball. He holds the slimy thing in front of Germany's face. Germany recoils in disgust.

: "Ew! Russia! Put it back! Put it back!"

: Germany shoves Russia's hand away. Rus puts his eye back in its socket and wipes his hand on his shorts.

: "You're such a scaredy cat."

: "No I'm not. You shouldn't be able to take your eye out like that."

: "What do you mean? I've been able to take my eye out since I was 9 years old."

: "Just don't take it out again. It's gross."

: Russia laughs, standing up from the floor. He grabs the bottle from

the counter and sets it on a shelf full of other bottles.

: "Why are you putting that up there?"

: "It looks nice. My Grandfather used to put empty bottles of alcohol on the shelf."

: Russia stretches and lets out a yawn. He cracks his back in multiple spots.

: "Damn. The kitchen floor is not a good bed."

"I'm surprised you're complaining. You sleep practically anywhere, inside, outside, on the floor, on me."

: "Whatever. I'm hungry."

: "Okay, I'll make you something to eat."

: Russia exclaims in excitement and runs to the dining room. He trips mid sprint and falls face first onto the floor.

: "I'm okay!"

: Rus gets back up and continues his way into the dining room. Germany shakes his head. He turns to cook breakfast. Russia sits at the dining table. Poland slowly makes his way into the dining room. He looks up at Russia. As soon as he catches a glance of him, he runs to hug him.

: "Good morning, Polska."

: Russia pats Poland on the head softly. Poland sits in the seat next to Russia. They sit there for a short while until Poland speaks.

: "Russia, am I going to be strong like you?"

: "I don't know, maybe you have to start working out."

: Russia runs the palm of his hand on Poland's forehead.

: "When did you start working out?"

: "Oh, I can't remember. I've always been abnormally strong though."

: "Really?"

: "Yeah. Want to know something? When I was born, I snapped the neck of the midwife who delivered me."

: "Is she okay?"

: "I don't know, I can't remember much after that."

: Germany walks into the dining room with serving plates of food. He sets them onto the table. Germany stands straight with a confused expression on his face.

: "Oh, I forgot to set the table."

: "I can help!"

: Poland  jumps out of his chair and runs into the kitchen. Germany slowly slinks into his chair. Poland returns to the dining table with various plates and cups. He sets the table and quickly sits back in his chair. Russia and Germany serve Poland his meal. Just as Germany serves himself, Ukraine and Kazakhstan walk into the dining room. Their pajamas consist of oversized shirts and comfy socks. They yawn and rub their eyes as they sit down. Russia serves the two of them before taking a sip of cold water and setting his arms in his lap. The room is mostly quiet except for the sounds of chewing and utensils hitting plates. Germany glances over at Russia's plate, it's clean and empty just as it was when it was first set on the table.

: "Are you not eating, Rus?"

: "Ahm? Oh, I'm just not hungry."

: "Are you sure? You've been skipping a lot of meals."

: Russia doesn't respond. The phone rings from the other room. Russia leaves the room to answer it. Germany looks at the doorway, then at Ukraine. He leans over his plates and speaks in a quiet tone.

: "Ukraine? Does Russia normally skip this many meals."

: "Umm. I mean, he skips breakfast sometimes, but to skip entire days no. Something might be wrong. I'll ask him about it."

: "Okay, I'm just worried."

: Russia walks back into the dining room and starts to gather empty plates. He takes them into the kitchen to start washing dishes. Ukraine stretches and yawns before speaking.

: "Welp, I guess it's time to start our daily chores."

: "Nooo.."

: Kazak groans. He slumps in his chair and covers his face with his hair.

: "No, come on Kazak. We do our chores everyday, today is no different."

: Ukraine grabs Kazakhstan by his underarms and pulls him out of the chair. He carries him out of the dining room. Germany stands from his chair.

: "Come on Poland. Let's brush your hair and get you dressed."

: "Okay, can I pick my outfit?"

"Sure sweetheart."

: The two step up the stairs to Poland's bedroom.

**(POV Switch)**

: Russia sets the clean plates into the cabinets. He re-washes his hands with warm soap and water. As he dries his hands someone knocks on the front door. Russia quickly finishes drying off his hands and runs to answer the door. He opens it to a man shorter than him standing there. His skin pattern matching the pattern around Russia's damaged eye. Russia stands there in disbelief.

: "Uncle Nicholaus?"

: "How are you, my brave, little nephew? Oh well, I guess you're not so little anymore."

: "I'm.. I thought you weren't alive anymore."

: The man takes a step back in bewilderment. He places a hand over his heart as if it aches in pain.

: "Y-you thought I was dead?"

: "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

: "No it's okay, sweetheart. It's just a little odd that you weren't told about me after, you know, your father's death. Oh, that reminds me, who were you transferred to?"

: "What do you mean?"

: Russia lets Russian Empire(RE) into his home. RE speaks as he observes the atrium of the foyer.

: "You know, taken in by another family member or close friend?"

: "We weren't transferred to anyone."

: "What? You mean you were just left here to fend for yourselves??"

: "Yeah, it was just me and my siblings."

: RE sits there with his hand to his face. Presumably thinking about the situation his nephew has just described to him. Russia taps him on the shoulder.

: "Are you okay?"

: "Ahm? Yes sweetheart, I'm fine. You children were too young to be left completely on your own like that. How long were you here alone?"

: "Daddy died when I was ten, Ukraine had just turned five and Kazak & Belarus were infants. I've been taking care of my siblings

ever since, and now that Poland's moved in, I haven't had a break."

: "Oh my.. Why didn't you call me?"

: Russia averts his gaze to the floor, trying to avoid the question. RE takes a step closer to Russia. He places his hand back over his heart.

: "Russia, honey, why didn't you call me?"

: "I did, but you wouldn't answer the phone. I gave up trying the day I turned thirteen."

: Russia folds his arms. RE stares at his nephew for another quick second before turning away swiftly. He places his fingers over his mouth, contemplating. His eyes widen as a fearful expression arises on his face.

: "Oh God, I left you behind.."

: RE stumbles over his words in a whispery tone. RE turns around and grabs Russia's wrists tightly.

: "I left you all behind!"

: RE grasps at Russia's wrists tighter, digging his nails into Russia's skin. Russia tries to pull his wrist away from RE. He is unable to free himself from RE's hold, despite his strong nature. Russia sinks lower to the floor attempting to pull away.

: "Nikki you're scaring me!"

: RE is pulled into a flashback of him and his brother, Soviet, as children. Grasping his brother's wrist tightly, Soviet screams for him to let go. His grip loosens, Soviet rips his hand away as fast as he could and rushes backward to the door. Young RE stares at his brother from across the room. Tears slowly roll down Soviet's cheeks as he stares back.

: "Uncle Nikki?"

: "What?"

: RE snaps back to reality. He sees Russia standing back at the front door, rubbing his sore wrists.

: "Oh- oh, I'm sorry.. I didn't mean to-"

: "It's fine, Uncle Nikki."

: Russia begins to walk past RE back to the kitchen. RE throws his hands up softly.

: "But! Wait! I didn't-"

: "I said it's fine. I already know you do this."

: "What?"

: Russia turns to speak. He glances at RE for a brief moment before turning back around and walking into the kitchen. RE swiftly follows behind him. He stares at Rus, who's standing on the other side of the counter.

: "Daddy told me that you have a problem with keeping your hands to yourself."

: "Oh.. Im sorry. I didn't mean to."

: "I said it's fine. You don't have to keep apologizing."

: "Oh.."

: RE slowly walks towards the counter. He pulls a tall stool out front underneath and sits down. The two sit there in silence until Russia speaks.

: "Why didn't you answer the phone?"

: He says, without looking up. RE is caught a back by the question. He clasps his hands together and brings them up to his mouth. He stumbles over his words as he tries to find a soft answer.

: "I- I was-... I was dealing with your grandfather.."

: "Vlad?"

: Russia states, he carries his gaze upward, but keeps his head down. RE sets his hands in his lap, keeping them together. He nods his head slightly and looks down at his lap. Russia extends his arm over the counter with an open hand. RE quickly glances up at it before setting his hand into it. His small hand becoming engulfed in Russia's.

: "Your hands are very large."

: RE says, sounding curious.

: "Yeah, I know. They're good for grabbing things."

: RE laughs quietly. Russia smiles, but it quickly fades.

: "Shit. I need to go out and find Belarus."

: Rus quickly releases his grasp and turns to rush out the back door. He pulls on his coat and Ushanka before attempting to get out the door.

: "Wait why is she out there? Hold on!"

: RE stops Rus from walking outside. He grabs Russia's coat. Russia turns to him.

: "Nikki, I need to go out and find her."

: "You can't go out in shorts."

: "Yes I can, I walk outside in the snow in my underwear."

: "Go put on some pants."

: RE points to the stairs. Russia sighs before making his way upstairs. He enters his room and quickly throws on some pants. Rus runs back down the stairs and rushes out the door. He looks around for one of his firearms, but fails to find one in the snow. He settles on an axe leaning against the house. Rus grabs it and slowly walks into the white winter.

***(Hello dear viewers. Sorry I have been gone for so long. I have***

***been very very busy with work and haven't had the time to write on this. A sneak peak for the next episode, we are bringing a new child into the household. Anyway, I hope you have a great day/ night/evening.) :D***

# Saturday#2 *7

: Russia continues to make his way through the snow. He starts to breathe slower as a small shiver comes over him.

: *Quietly* "I should've brought my scarf.."

: Russia reaches a giant boulder-like rock. He lifts it up to find a group of little countries sitting in a manmade hole underneath it. Amongst the children is Belarus. She looks up and points towards him.

: "Hey look! It's my brother!"

: The rest of the children look up at Russia. He sets the rock to the side and kneels down.

: "What are all of you doing out here? It's way too cold for you to be outside in such thin coats."

: "Rus.."

: "No, Bel, it's too cold."

: She sighs and crosses her arms.

: "Can my friends stay over?"

: *Sighs* "Yes. Come on, let's get inside."

: Russia collects all of the children into his coat and zips it up. He walks the long way back to the house at a swift pace. He walks through the back door. His uncle and the rest of his siblings are standing in the kitchen.

: "I've brought home more kids."

: He opens his coat and lets the children out. Belarus takes her friends upstairs to her bedroom. Ukraine walks up to Rus.

: "I swear, you're going to bring home more kids than we have cousins."

: "Don't worry, they're not staying for too long."

: "I think you have a friend."

: "What?"

: Ukraine points down towards Russia's leg. Russia looks down to find a small country clinging to his pant leg. Russia taps the country on the head.

: "Hey, your friends are upstairs."

: He speaks in a soft tone. Russia attempts to pull the little country away from his leg, but the country pulls themselves back.

: *Quietly* "No."

: The little country says quietly.

: "Little thing doesn't want to let go of you."

: "Yeah.. Welp, guess I have to do the rest of my chores with company today."

: The two laugh.

: "Ukraine! Can you help me?"

: Kazakhstan yells from upstairs. Ukraine turns around and walks to Kazak's bedroom. RE runs up to Russia.

: "Russia, honey, I have to get back home."

: "Okay, that's fine."

: "Okay, I love you, Sammy's little bear cub."

: RE pulls Russia down by the shoulder and kisses his cheek.

: "Ooh, your father would be so proud of you, you know."

: "Yes, I know Uncle Nikki. You used to tell me every time you babysat."

: RE laughs softly.

: "Bye, honey."

: "Goodbye Uncle Nikki."

: RE makes his way out of the home. Russia watches as RE closes the door. He looks down at the little country who is still clinging to his leg. Rus bends down and picks up the country to hold him in his arms.

: "Hey, there."

: Russia lifts the country's hat off of his face. He has a sad expression and his face has a red tint.

: *Gasps*Quietly** "You have Snow Fever. That's why you were clinging to my leg. You're not feeling well."

: Tears roll down the child's face. Russia holds the country's head against his chest.

: "I'm sorry sweetheart. Let's get you a warm damp washcloth to put on your forehead."

: Russia takes a dishrag from the drawer and runs it under warm water. He squeezes the excess water from it and places it on the small country's forehead.

: "There you go. Are you feeling tired?"

: The country nods his head.

: "Okay, how about we go lie down on the couch."

: Russia walks with the little country to the sitting room, stopping at the door to remove his and the child's shoes. He makes his way to the couch and sets the country down. He keeps the wet washcloth on the child's head as he pulls some fur blankets on to the country.

Russia sits on the couch next to the small country.

: "What's your name, sweetheart?"

: *Quietly* "Estonia.."

: "Estonia? Are you hurting anywhere?"

: *Quietly* "My head hurts."

: "Okay, do you have any pain other than your head?"

: The country shakes his head 'No'. Russia removes the cloth and places a hand on his forehead. The child has a slight fever.

: "You sit here and try to rest, okay? I'll go make you something to eat."

: Russia stands from the couch and walks to the kitchen. Ukraine is standing at the counter wiping glitter from his hands onto his shirt.

: "Why do you have glitter on you?"

: "Belarus attacked me and Kazakh with glitter."

: "Oh, well, don't get it on me."

: "I won't."

: Russia takes a bowl and spoon, and sets it on the counter. He starts to gather ingredients for some vegetable soup. He pours a jar of vegetable stock into a pot. He sets the pot onto the cooker and lights it.

: "Making a meal for yourself?"

: "No, the kid who was clinging to my leg has Snow Fever."

: "Oh no. Don't you get that sometimes?"

: Russia cuts up some beets and carrots to put into the soup. He speaks to Ukraine while cutting other various things.

: "Yeah, a cold person gets it from being too cold. I used to get it a lot before Daddy adopted you."

: "Really?"

: "Yeah, I had a problem with being out in the snow in my underwear."

: "You mean you STILL have a problem?"

: "Shut up."

: "You first."

: Russia rolls his eyes and places more vegetables into the pot. He walks over to the sink and washes his hands.

: "The poor thing was clinging to my leg because I'm cold."

: "Oh, why?"

: "When you have Snow Fever, you feel hot and get horrible headaches. You remember when I would get Snow Fever when we were little. I put Daddy's hands on my head, because they were warm and soothing. It feels nice to put cold hands on your head. The bounce back is warm."

: "So that's why you would put Daddy's hands on your forehead. I remember you begging for him to keep his hands there. You wouldn't let him leave you alone."

: "Yeah..."

: Russia sits there for a moment. His eyebrows saddened, staring at the cutting board.

: "It's alright, Rus. It was just Daddy's time to go."

: Ukraine quiets his voice and gently sets his hand on Russia's wrist.

: "I know.."

: Ukraine slaps Russia's scapula playfully.

: "Hey! Wouldn't Dad be happy you're taking care of your kids?"

: Russia's expression brightens with a small smile. He speaks in a low tone.

: "Ow, that's my bruised shoulder. I don't have kids. I didn't make them."

: "Ew! Rus! Don't say that!"

: Ukraine exclaims. Russia giggles and looks over at him.

: "What? That's how it works."

: "Oh but you told me that Dad wished and prayed for me, but since he didn't have a wife, God had to give me to another family to be born!?"

: "Well it's not my fault you're adopted!"

: Ukraine gasps dramatically. He quickly grabs a pair of scissors from a kitchen drawer. Ukraine attempts to cut whatever parts of Russia's hair he can grab. Russia grabs Ukraine's wrists trying to keep him away. Rus takes some beet juice from the cutting board and rubs it on Ukraine's shirt. Ukraine stops and backs up, staring down wided eyed, at his stained shirt. Russia panics and grabs a jar of beet juice from the pantry. He opens it up and dumps the juice on his head, staining his clothes as well.

: "W-why'd you do that?"

: Russia sets the jar onto the counter and shifts his gaze to the floor.

: "..I got scared. I'm sorry for ruining your shirt."

: "It's okay. I shouldn't have been trying to cut your hair. I'll help you clean up."

: "Okay, thank you."

: Twenty minutes pass, Russia finishes cooking the soup. He ladles some of it into a bowl and takes it to Estonia.

: "Here you go, sweetheart."

: Russia hands the bowl and spoon to the small country. Russia sits on the couch next to him. Estonia quickly climbs into Russia's lap and starts to eat the soup. Russia shrugs it off. He takes the little country's hat off, revealing the child's dirty and unkept hair.

: "Oh, when was the last time you had a bath?"

: Estonia stops eating for a short moment.

: "I don't know."

: "You don't know? Don't your mommy and daddy tell you when it's time to get in the tub?"

: Estonia shakes his head 'No'.

: "My mommy and daddy don't talk to me.."

: "What do you mean?"

: "Mommy told me she doesn't want to see me.."

: Tears start to roll down Estonia's cheeks. He starts to cry. Russia takes the bowls of soup and sets it on the floor. He holds Estonia close to his chest. He rocks slowly back and forth, consoling him.

: "Shhh, it's okay. You don't have to cry. Do you want to get in the tub? Will a nice warm bath make you feel better?"

: The child nods his head. Russia stands up keeping Estonia in his arms. He takes his upstairs to Russia's bathroom. Rus puts Estonia down and begins to run the tap. After the water heats up, Russia strips Estonia of his dirty clothes and sets him in the tub.

: "Okay, I'll let you sit here and play in the water for a bit. I'll be back in about five minutes."

: Russia picks up the dirty clothes and walks out of the room, cracking the door. Rus walks downstairs to set the clothes in the laundry room for cleaning.

**(1561 not including these. Sorry for not posting for a VERY long time. My life has been very busy lately. I will continue tomorrow. Have a nice morning/afternoon/night.) :D**

# Xexexexe! :)

[image]

BROTHERS! I AM ALIVE AGAIN.

Jokes aside, yes, I am back from the "dead" and am here to continue this story. The truth is, I have been busy with work and moving files between my old computer and my new one that I have recently bought.

I apologize for any inconvenience I have caused.

Always brothers, "Have a taste" :D